

ALBERTA WOMEN'S INSTITUTE and
W. I. GIRLS' CLUB CONVENTION,
1920

GOD SAVE THE KING

God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King!
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King!

THE CHURCH IN THE WILDWOOD

There's a church in the valley by the wildwood,
No lovelier place in the dale;
No spot is so dear to my childhood
As the little brown church in the vale.

CHORUS

Oh, come, come, come, come,
Come to the church in the wildwood,
Oh, come to the church in the dale;
No spot is so dear to my childhood
As the little brown church in the vale.

How sweet on a clear Sabbath morning,
To list to the clear ringing bell!
Its tones so sweetly are calling,
"Oh, come to the church in the vale."

There, close by the church in the valley,
Lies one that I loved so well;
She sleeps, sweetly sleeps 'neath the willows;
Disturb not her rest in the vale.

There, close by the side of that loved one,
'Neath the tree where the wild flowers bloom,
When the farewell hymn shall be chanted
I shall rest by her side in the tomb.

OLD BLACK JOE

Gone are the days when my heart was young and
gay;
Gone are my friends from the cotton fields away;
Gone from the earth to a better land, I know,
I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe!"

CHORUS

I'm coming, I'm coming, for my head is bending
low;
I hear those gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe!"
Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain?
Why do I sigh that my friends come not again?
Grieving for forms now departed long ago,
I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe."
Where are the hearts once so happy and so free?
The children so dear that I held upon my knee?
Gone to the shore where my soul has longed to go,
I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe!"

THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME

'Way down upon the Swanee river,
Far, far away,
Dere's wha my heart is turning ever,
Dere's wha de old folks stay.
All up and down de whole creation,
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for de old plantation,
And for de old folks at home.

CHORUS

All de world am sad and dreary,
Eb'rywhere I roam,
Oh! darkies, how my heart grows weary,
Far from de old folks at home.

All roun' de little farm I wandered
When I was young,
Den many happy days I squandered,
Many de songs I sung.
When I was playing with my brother,
Happy was I;
Oh! take me to my kind old mother,
There let me live and die.

One little hut among de bushes,
One that I love,
Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,
No matter where I rove.
When will I see de bees a-humming,
All roun' de comb?
When will I hear de banjo tumming,
Down in my good old home?

HOME, SWEET HOME

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam.
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with else-
where.

CHORUS

Home, home, sweet home,
There's no place like home,
Oh, there's no place like home.

I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild,
And feel that my mother now thinks of her child;
As she looks on that moon from our own cottage
door,
Thro' the woodbine whose fragrance shall cheer me
no more.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
O give me my lowly thatched cottage again;
The birds singing gaily, that came at my call;
Give me them, and that peace of mind, dearer than
all.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the
Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of
wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible
swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

CHORUS

Glory! glory! Hallelujah! Glory! glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! glory! Hallelujah! His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred cir-
cling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews
and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and
flaring lamps;
His Day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of
steel;
"As ye deal with My contemners, so with you My
grace shall deal."
Let the Hero, born of women, crush the serpent with
His heel,
Since God is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never
call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judg-
ment seat;
O be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my
feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the
sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and
me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men
free,
While God is marching on.

THE LAND OF HOPE AND GLORY

Dear Land of Hope, thy hope is crowned,
God make thee mightier yet!
On Sov'ran brows, beloved, renowned,
Once more thy crown is set.
Thine equal laws, by Freedom gained,
Have ruled thee well and long;
By Freedom gained, by Truth maintained,
Thine Empire shall be strong.

CHORUS

Land of Hope and Glory, Mother of the Free,
How shall we extol thee, who are born of thee?
Wider still and wider shall thy bounds be set;
God, who made thee mighty, make thee mightier yet.

Thy fame is ancient as the days,
As Ocean large and wide;
A pride that dares, and heeds not praise,
A stern and silent pride;

Not that false joy that dreams content
With what our sires have won;
The blood a hero sire hath spent,
Still nerves a hero son.

ANNIE LAURIE

Maxwelton's braes are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew,
And 'twas there that Annie Laurie,
Gave me her promise true;
Gave me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot will be,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie,
I'd lay me down and dee.

Her brow is like the snaw-drift,
Her throat is like the swan,
Her face it is the fairest,
That e'er the sun shone on;
That e'er the sun shone on,
And dark blue is her ee,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie,
I'd lay me down and dee.

Like dew on th'gowan lying,
Is th' fa' o' her fairy feet,
And like winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet;
Her voice is low and sweet,
And she's a' the world to me,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie,
I'd lay me down and dee.

AULD LANG SYNE

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days of auld lang syne?

CHORUS

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

We twa ha'e ran about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine,
We've wandered mony a weary foot,
Sin' auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty frien',
And gie's a hand o' thine;
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

THOSE EVENING BELLS

Those evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells
Of youth and home, and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime.

Those joyous hours have passed away;
And many a heart that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 'twill be when I am gone,
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
While other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.

THE MAPLE LEAF

In days of yore, from Britain's shore,
Wolfe the dauntless hero came,
And planted firm Britannia's flag
On Canada's fair domain,
Here may it wave, our boast, our pride,
And joined in love together,
The Thistle, Shamrock, Rose entwine,
The Maple Leaf forever!

CHORUS

The Maple Leaf, our emblem dear,
The Maple Leaf forever,
God save our King, and Heaven bless
The Maple Leaf forever!

At Queenston Heights and Lundy's Lane,
Our brave fathers, side by side,
For freedom, homes and loved ones dear
Firmly stood and nobly died;
And those dear rights which they maintained,
We swear to yield them never;
Our watchword evermore shall be,
The Maple Leaf forever!

Our fair Dominion now extends
From Cape Race to Nootka Sound,
May peace forever be our lot,
And plenteous store abound;
And may those ties of love be ours,
Which discord cannot sever,
And flourish green o'er Freedom's home,
The Maple Leaf forever!

On Merry England's far-famed land
May kind Heaven sweetly smile;
God bless old Scotland evermore,
And Ireland's Emerald Isle!

Then swell the song, both loud and long,
Till rocks and forests quiver,
God save our King and Heaven bless
The Maple Leaf forever!

O CANADA!

O Canada! Our home, our native land,
True patriot love thou dost in us command.
We see thee rising fair, dear land,
The true north, strong and free;
And stand on guard, O Canada,
We stand on guard for thee.

CHORUS

O Canada! O Canada!
O Canada, we stand on guard for thee,
O Canada, we stand on guard for thee.

O Canada! Where pines and maples grow,
Great prairies spread and lordly rivers flow,
Thou art the land, O Canada,
From east to western sea,
The Land of Hope for all who toil,
The land of liberty.

O Canada! Beneath thy shining skies,
May stalwart sons and gentle maidens rise.
And so abide, O Canada,
From east to western sea,
Where'er thy pines and prairies are,
The true north strong and free.

WE'RE TENTING TONIGHT

We're tenting tonight on the old camp ground,
Give us a song of cheer,
Our weary hearts, a song of home,
And friends we love so dear.

CHORUS

Many are the hearts that are weary tonight,
Wishing for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts looking for the right,
To see the dawn of peace.
Tenting tonight, tenting tonight,
Tenting on the old camp ground.

We've been tenting tonight on the old camp ground,
Thinking of days gone by,
Of the loved ones at home that gave us the hand,
And the tear that said "Good-bye!"

We are tired of war on the old camp ground,
Many are dead and gone,
Of the brave and true who've left their homes,
Others been wounded long.

We've been fighting today on the old camp ground,
Many are lying near;
Some are dead and some are dying,
Many are in tears.

THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME

The dames of France are fond and free,
And Flemish lips are willing,
And soft the maids of Italy,
And Spanish eyes are thrilling;
Still though I bask beneath their smile,
Their charms fail to bind me,
And my heart falls back to Erin's Isle,
To the girl I left behind me.

For she's as fair as Shannon's side,
And purer than its water,
But she refus'd to be my bride
Though many a year I sought her;
Yet, since to France I sail'd away,
Her letters oft remind me,
That I promis'd never to gainsay
The girl I left behind me.

She says, "My own dear love, come home,
My friends are rich and many,
Or else abroad with you I'll roam,
A soldier stout as any;
If you'll not come, nor let me go,
I'll think you have resigned me,"
My heart nigh broke when I answered "No"
To the girl I left behind me.

For never shall my true love brave
A life of war and toiling,
And never as a skulking slave
I'll tread my native soil on;
But were it free or to be freed,
The battle's close would find me
To Ireland bound, nor message need
From the girl I left behind me.

BONNIE DUNDEE

To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claverhouse spoke,
" 'Ere the King's crown go down there are crowns
to be broke,
So each Cavalier who loves honor and me,
Let him follow the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee."

CHORUS

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come, saddle my horses, and call out my men,
Unhook the west port, and let us gae free,
For it's up with the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee.

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,
The bells they ring backward, the drums they are
beat,
But the Provost (douce man) said: "Just e'en let
it be,
For the town is weel rid of that de'il o' Dundee."

There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands beyond
Forth,
If there's lords in the south, there are chiefs in the
north;
There are brave Duniewassels, three thousand times
three,
Will cry "Hey for the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee."

Then awa' to the hills, to the lea, to the rocks,
Ere I own a usurper I'll crouch wi' the fox,
And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of your glee,
Ye hae nae seen the last o' my bonnets and me.

DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES

Drink to me only with thine eyes, and I will pledge
with mine,
Or leave a kiss within the cup, and I'll not ask for
for wine;
The thirst that from the soul doth rise, doth ask a
drink divine,
But might I of Jove's nectar sip, I would not change
for thine, for thine.

I cannot sing the old songs, their charm is sad and
deep;
Their melodies would waken old sorrows from their
sleep;
And tho' all unforgotten still, and sadly sweet they
be,
I cannot sing the old songs, they are too dear to me,
I cannot sing the old songs, they are too dear to me,

I cannot sing the old songs, for visions come again,
Of golden dreams departed, and years of weary pain;
Perhaps when earthly fetters shall have set my spirit
free,
My voice may know the old songs, for all eternity,
My voice may know the old songs, for all eternity,

PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE

I've travelled about a bit in my time
And of troubles I've seen a few,
But found it better in ev'ry clime
To paddle my own canoe.
My wants are small, I care not at all
If my debts are paid when due.
I drive away strife, in the ocean of life
While I paddle my own canoe.

CHORUS

Then love your neighbor as yourself,
As the world you go travelling through,
And never sit down, with a tear or a frown,
But paddle your own canoe.

I have no wife to bother my life,
No lover to prove untrue,
But the whole day long with a laugh and a song,
I paddle my own canoe.

I rise with the lark, and from daylight to dark,
I do what I have to do.
I'm careless of wealth, if I've only the health
To paddle my own canoe.

It's all very well to depend on a friend,
That is, if you've proved him true,
But you'll find it better by far, in the end,
To paddle your own canoe.
"To borrow is dearer by far than to buy,"
A maxim, tho' old, still true;
You never will sigh, if you only will try
To paddle your own canoe.

If a hurricane rise in the mid-day skies,
And the sun is lost to view,
Move steadily by with a steadfast eye,
And paddle your own canoe.
The daisies that grow in the bright green fields
Are blooming so sweet for you;
So never sit down, with a tear or a frown,
But paddle your own canoe.

THE FIRST NOWELL

The first Nowell the angels did say,
Was to certain poor shepherds in fields as they lay—
In fields where they lay keeping their sheep,
On a cold winter's night, that was so deep.

CHORUS

Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
Born is the King of Israel.

They looked above, and there saw a star,
As it shone in the east but beyond them afar;
And to the earth it gave forth great light,
And continued so both day and night.

And by the light of that same bright star,
There were three wise men came from the east coun-
try far;
To seek the King it was their intent,
And to follow the star wherever it went.

The star drew nigh unto the north-west;
Over Bethlehem paused, and there it did rest;
And there did shine most bright, and did stay
Over where the young child and his mother lay.

Then entered in those wise men all three,
Very reverently upon bended knee,
And offered there in his presence
Gifts of gold and of myrrh and of frankincense.

Then let us all with one accord
Sing praises unto our heavenly Lord,
That made the heavens and earth of naught,
And with His blood mankind hath bought.

WE'D BETTER BIDE A WEE

The puir auld folk at hame, ye mind, are frail and
failing sair,
And weel I ken they'd miss me, lad, gin I came hame
nae mair;
The grist is out, the times are hard, the kin are only
three,
I canna leave the auld folk now, we'd better bide
awee,
I canna leave the auld folk now, we'd better bide
awee.

When first we told our story, lad, their blessing fell
sae free,
They gave no tho't to self at all, they did but think
of me;

But, laddie, that's a time awa, and mither's like to
dee,
I canna leave the auld folk now, we'd better bide
awee,
I canna leave the auld folk now, we'd better bide
awee.

I fear me sair, they're failing baith, for when I sit
apart,
They'll talk o' heaven sae earnestly, it well nigh
breaks my heart;
So, laddie, dinna urge me mair, it surely winna be,
I canna leave the auld folk now, we'd better bide
awee,
I canna leave the auld folk now, we'd better bide
awee.

THE MINSTREL BOY

The Minstrel Boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him;
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.
"Land of song!" said the warrior bard,
"Tho' all the world betrays thee,
One sword at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The Minstrel fell! but the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under;
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder;
And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
Thy soul of love and brav'ry!
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
They shall never sound in slav'ry!"

SALLY IN OUR ALLY

Of all the girls that are so smart,
There's none like pretty Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And lives in our alley:
There is no lady in the land
That's half so sweet as Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And lives in our alley.

Of all the days within the week,
I dearly love but one day;
And that's the day that comes betwixt
The Saturday and Monday:
Oh, then I'm dressed all in my best,
To walk abroad with Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And lives in our alley.

My master, and the neighbors all,
Make game of me and Sally;
And but for her I'd' rather be
A slave, and row a galley.
But when my seven long years are out
Oh, then I'll marry Sally,
And then how happily we'll live!
But not in our alley.

LOCH LOMOND

By yon bonnie banks, and by yon bonnie braes,
Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomon',
Where me and my true love were ever wont to gae,
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomon',

CHORUS

Oh! ye'll tak' the high road and I'll tak' the low
road,

And I'll be in Scotland afore ye,
But me and my true love will never meet again
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomon'.

'Twas there that we parted in yon shady glen,
On the steep, steep side o' Ben Lomon',
Where in purple hue the Hieland hills we view,
And the moon coming out in the gloaming.

The wee birdies sing and the wild flowers spring,
And in sunshine the waters are sleepin',
But the broken heart it kens nae second spring again,
Tho' the waefu' may cease frae their greetin'.

COME BACK TO ERIN

Come back to Erin, Mavourneen, Mavourneen,
Come back, Aroon, to the land of thy birth;
Come with the shamrocks and springtime, Mavour-
neen,

And it's Killarney shall ring with thy mirth.
Sure when you left us, our beautiful darling,
Little we thought of the lone winter days,
Little we tho't of the hush of the star-shine
Over the mountain, the bluffs and the braes!
Then, and it's Killarney shall ring with cur mirth.

Over the green sea, Mavourneen, Mavourneen,
Long shone the white sail that bore thee away;
Riding the white waves that fair summer mornin',
Just like a Mayflower afloat on the bay.
Oh, but my heart sank when clouds came between us.
Like a grey curtain the rain falling down;
Hid from my sad eyes the path o'er the ocean,
Far, far away, where my Colleen had flown.
Then, and it's Killarney shall ring with our mirth.

Oh, may the angels while wakin' or sleepin',
Watch o'er my bird in the land far away,
And it's my pray'rs will consign to their keepin',
Care o' my jewel by night and by day.
When by the fireside I watch the bright embers,
Then all my heart flies away o'er the sea,
Cravin' to know if my darlin' remembers,
Or if her tho'ts may be crossin' to me.
Then, and it's Killarney shall ring with our mirth.

THE LOW-BACKED CAR

When first I saw sweet Peggy,
'Twas on a market day,
A low-back'd car she drove,
And sot upon a truss of hay;
But when that hay was blooming grass,
And deck'd with flowers of spring,
No flow'r was there that would compare
With the blooming girl I sing,
As she sat in her low-back'd car;
The man at the turnpike bar
Never ask'd for the toll,
But just rubbed his auld poll,
And look'd after the low-back'd car.

In battle's wild commotion,
The proud and mighty Mars,
With hostile scythes, demands his tithes
Of death, in war-like cars;
While Peggy, peaceful goddess,
Has darts in her bright eye,
That knock men down in the market town,
As right and left they fly,
While she sits in her low-back'd car,—
Than battles more dangerous far,
For the doctor's art
Cannot cure the heart
That is hit from the low-back'd car.

Sweet Peggy round her car, sir,
Has strings of ducks and geese,
But the scores of hearts she slaughters
By far outnumber these;
While she among her poultry sits,
Just like a turtle dove,
Well worth the cage, I do engage,
Of the blooming god of Love!
While she sits in her low-back'd car,
The lovers come near and far
And envy the chicken
That Peggy is pickin',
As she sits in the low-back'd car.

I'd rather own that car, sir,
With Peggy by my side,
Than a coach-and-four and gold galore,
And a lady for my bride;
For the lady would sit for-ninst me,
On a cushion made with taste,
While Peggy would sit beside me
With my arm around her waist,
As we drove in a low-back'd car,
To be married by Father Mah'r
O, my heart would beat high
At her glance and her sigh,
Tho' it beat in a low-back'd car.

THE MILLER OF THE DEE

There dwelt a miller, hale and bold,
Beside the River Dee;
He wrought and sang from morn till night,
No lark more blithe than he;
And this the burden of his song
Forever used to be,
"I envy no one, no, not I!
And no one envies me!"

“Thou’rt wrong my friend!” said old King
Hal,

“As wrong as wrong can be;
For could my heart be light as thine,
I’d gladly change with thee.
And tell me now what makes thee sing
With voice so loud and free,
While I am sad, tho’ I’m the King,
Beside the River Dee?”

The miller smiled and doff’d his cap:
“I earn my bread,” quoth he;
“I love my wife, I love my friend,
I love my children three.
I owe no debt I cannot pay,
I thank the river Dee
That turns the mill that grinds the corn
To feed my babes and me!”

“Good friend,” said Hal, and sigh’d the while,
“Farewell! and happy be;
But say no more, if thou’dst be true,
That no one envies thee;
Thy mealy cap is worth my crown;
Thy mill my kingdom’s fee!
Such men as thou are England’s boast,
O miller of the Dee!”

WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME

When Jonny comes marching home again,
Harrah, Harrah!
We’ll give him a hearty welcome then,
Harrah, Harrah!
The men will cheer, the boys will shout,
The ladies, they will all turn out,
And we’ll all feel gay,
When Johnny comes marching home.

The old church bell will peal with joy,
Harrah, Harrah!
To welcome home our darling boy,
Harrah, Harrah!
The village lads and lassies say,
With roses they will strew the way,
And we'll all feel gay,
When Johnny comes marching home.

Get ready for the Jubilee,
Harrah, Harrah!
We'll give the hero three times three—
Harrah, Harrah!
The laurel wreath is ready now
To place upon his loyal brow;
And we'll all feel gay,
When Johnny comes marching home.

MARSEILLAISE HYMN

Ye sons of France, awake to glory!
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise!
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary:
Behold their tears, and hear their cries,
Behold their tears, and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band, affright and
desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?
To arms, to arms, ye brave!
Th' avenging sword unsheathe!
March on, march on, all hearts resolved
On victory or death!
O, liberty! can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy gen'rous flame?
Can dungeons, bolts, and bars confine thee?
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?

Too long the world has wept bewailing
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield; but freedom
is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing;
To arms, to arms, ye brave!
Th' avenging sword unsheathe!
March on, march on, all hearts resolved
On victory or death!

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wild-wood,
And ev'ry loved spot which my infancy knew;
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood
by it,
The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket that hung in the well.

The moss-covered bucket I hailed as a treasure,
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were
glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell,
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the
well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full-blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Tho' filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from the loved habitation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket that hung in the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the
well.